

THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(Continued from page 50.)

New York, June 1, 1795.

"To be sure gentlemen," observed an honest looking fellow, who had not before spoken since we commenced our journey, "this is one of the most astonishing modes of eating that I have been used to, time out of mind; in promiscuous companies of this kind, one might suppose that order would be altogether banished, and that each would be endeavouring to obtain for himself the luxuries which the table afforded, instead of being contented to receive what only was within his reach." These words were not intelligible to a number of us; but the purport of them was conceived by the old gentlemen, who rejoined with some indignation, "you certainly are a stranger to every rule of civility or good breeding, if you cannot understand how these matters regulate themselves by a due sense of respect common to all classes. But I am still more surprised to find you so destitute of politeness as not to entertain a better opinion of the present company." "Politeness", reiterated the other, why yes, it is a thing much spoken of but what I have seldom seen, though it is not doubted by me, that such a principle may not prevail, when arrangements are made to promote and render its existence unavoidable; for I will contend, that when this is not the case, a more powerful motive than outward respect is always sure to triumph. Perhaps you do not understand me, let it be known then, that appetite is an irresistible impulse, and politeness only an artificial one; now when many things concur to prompt the exercise of the former, in the way to its gratification all inferior considerations are naturally overlooked." "True, but scarcity is not here, and it is well known, that where early pains have been taken to inculcate and reduce to practice good-manners, that the effects of them will never be obliterated." "Our tastes, generally, lead us to prefer such goods as are most palatable and delicious; if these appear in small quantities, and homelier food in greater, few persons would continually deny themselves a participation of the first. With regard to your second remark, no objection will be made to the predominancy of habits if only external agents operate against them; but it is an undeni-

able axiom, that when the cravings of nature are totally or but illy supplied, that restraint which produced those wants must necessarily be abandoned. I have been a party to, and of course witnessed the truth of these positions; if it were agreeable I would relate the singular means we took to obviate them, and the success which attended our measures." They all expressed a willingness to hear him. He then drew a roll of paper from his pocket, and before it was opened, addressed us in the succeeding words:

"I was an ensign in the small American establishment, and with my regiment stationed for many years upon the western frontiers. We divided ourselves into small parties, from eight to twelve in number, for the purpose of consuming our provisions more cheerfully. The plan succeeded well enough in the beginning; but in a little while it was apparent, that those who contributed the greatest number of rations, fell frequently short of a proper proportion in the general stock; this caused considerable irritation, and example becoming extremely prolific, reprisals were daily made to the no small danger of our limbs. The bayonet was converted into an apparatus for pillage, and the one whose valour or expertness enabled him to carry off a turkey upon its point, thought himself entitled to more honours than if he had conquered an empire. Such proceedings could not but militate against our friendship, and consequently demanded a speedy remedy. Three of the most respected among us, were accordingly deputed to make whatever regulations they might deem expedient to restore unity and genteel demeanour. After much deliberation, they presented us with a plan to which we all subscribed, and solemnly pledged ourselves to abide by its contents. All the good consequences contemplated by it were realised, and in case any of you, which is not improbable, should be similarly circumstanced, nothing will appear more reasonable than to imitate our conduct; this paper which I shall now read being a brief sketch thereof."

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary" "for individuals or bodies of people to associate for moral or political good, they must resign a portion of that freedom which gave rise to commotion, and called for a counteracting principle. When these things become desired by a community, it pre-supposes a disposition to yield to such laws as do not demand a sacrifice of that independence, essential for the security of national happiness and national honour.

In order, therefore, to give stability and execution to such acts as are determined for government, all unreasonable demands that require the surrender of legal property, restraints which aim at subverting innocent or laudable pursuits, and force imposing submission to arbitrary commands, ought to be repelled, though life itself should be hazarded in the attempt. In process of time, we have seen contests arise, which still continue to threaten the dissolution of that harmony, always necessary to prevail between brethren, more especially of the same profession. With a belief that certain conduct, the result of uncontrolled desire, has involved us in broils and pernicious schisms, we resolve to ordain such laws as cannot fail to advance reconciliation. Our wish to do this is much strengthened by a serious consideration of the important purposes of eating, as without it, existence is rendered extremely precarious; and after having maturely deliberated, no system appears better calculated for our situation than the following:

"Three governors shall be chosen, distinguished by the titles of President, Secretary and Manager.

"Before grace, the roll shall be called by the secretary; an absentee during the continuance of a meal, to receive a reward of one cent from each member that assisted to consume it.

"The chaplin shall then divest himself of the sword and military dress, and piously deprecate the ills of gluttony.

"The transactions of each preceding meal shall be read, wherein accurate mention must be made as to the number of gallons of wine drank.—The secretary is positively commanded not to get tipsy, for otherwise, he would be unqualified to give a fair statement.

"When a demand is made for a portion of any article of nourishment, the president shall audibly repeat the same to the company, and require of them an opinion in writing, touching the propriety of the measure; if the majority of voices are in his favour, the president must then direct the manager to supply the request.

"The salt, mustard, pepper, pickles, &c. to be under the direction of the manager who shall act upon them in strict conformity to the preceding section.

"Should any foreign poultry, hogs or other animals, be surprised within the boundary of the fort, they shall be seized and surrendered to an inspector, chosen on the spot, who thereupon shall give no quarter.

"Should any one refuse to comply with

these rules, a court-martial to be immediately held, whose judgment shall be valid.

"Where violence is necessary to execute sentence, six veterans shall be appointed for the express purpose."

"This, gentlemen, is the last article, and now what do you think of our arrangements?" "They are very defective, and ought to be recommitted," replied the attorney. "But there is an excuse for them," said the old man, "the company were stationed near the habitations of savages, and it is a well known maxim, that when we are at Rome we should do as Rome does; now I presume sir, you copied well this example from your sable neighbours, and thought it a high honour to imitate such respected and romantic manners?" Upon this, the young soldier assumed a sternness, not unbecoming a disciple of Mars, and made the house reverberate with his wrath; and indeed he completely silenced his adversaries: the attorney, pale with affright, ran to the host, and entreated to know whether there was not a peace officer in the town, while the old gentleman, hoping that he had not offended his honour, precipitately fled from the room; in short, not one was to be seen at his post five minutes after the warrior had opened his battery. He did not, however, long remain master of the field, being obliged to enter the vehicle, where we had all taken refuge. The utmost indignation appeared in his countenance, and his presence was so great a restraint, as to prohibit all conversation above the sound of a whisper. In this way we continued till the place of our destination was announced, where we dismounted, and I believe, heartily weary of each other. Adieu.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

IN considering the daily occurrences of life and comparing them with my own experience, I have been frequently drawn into reflections concerning the various means which are undertaken by different persons of acquiring trouble. The common saying which prevails that this evil is experienced by all, is I think too well known to admit of argument. Daily experience evinces that the human mind when unemployed or disengaged from real concerns, is constantly in search of some new object to divert its attention. These objects though at first sight agreeable, are, not to mention the necessary trouble and anxiety occasioned in obtaining them, frequently by some unforeseen casualty, rendered the source of a different set of evils, and perhaps those very ones they were intended to avoid.

I have been led into these reflections by a singular occurrence that has taken place some time since my arrival in this place. Upon being a few days ago invited to sup with a friend, I was not a little concerned in seeing the whole family involved in a great deal of imaginary trouble. Upon enquiry I found that one of them had dreamt a strange dream the night before; which was unfortu-

nately construed by some person into an omen of some future evil, that might happen to the family. It was in vain I endeavoured to expostulate and reason with them upon the subject, in pointing out the deception of dreams and such like groundless prognostics. This superstitious habit of foretelling events, had gained so much ground in the family, by long continuance, as not to be easily removed by the soundness of reason. Experience, they affirmed had so strengthened them in this divining art, that they were never at a loss for knowledge, with regard to the various occurrences that took place amongst them. You know very well, says one of the children, assuming a boastful air of assurance, what I told you last night concerning the Stranger that would pay us a visit to-day: yes, replied another for that we could easily discover from the sticks of wood falling down across the and-irons in a particular direction. The mother also, confirmed the truth of what had been said, by observing what a prodigious howling the dogs of the neighbourhood had kept up for a considerable time before the death of a certain person. Such were the apparently interesting trifles with which our company was gratified during the whole course of the supper: when alas! one sad circumstance had just like to have put an end to the diversion. A servant in clearing off the table, let fall several of the articles contained on a waiter, among which was the salt-seller! a circumstance direful in the extreme, and an infallible indication of some misfortune. I need not tell you what distress and trouble was the consequence of this circumstance; dismay and terror were depicted in every countenance. The mistress of the house had no sooner recovered, but, observing that misfortunes always accompany one another; she said, that the circumstance of the salt-seller, had given new weight to the alarming appearance of the recent dream. After sitting some time by the fire-side, the conversation was again renewed in the Prophetic line. As the minds of the company were rather low at present, they were naturally led into subjects of the serious kind. Frightful ghosts and apparitions were sometimes exhibited in the most glaring colours. A hundred other whims and phantasies were continually the subjects of discourse; night-mares, screech-owls, and crickets; each in their turn were talked of, with qualities due to their respective merits, as infallible prognosticators. At another time were represented the histories of death-watches and gloomy spectres, till indeed, I had reason to believe, that the horror which these images had occasioned, if it did not entirely destroy the sleep and repose of that evening, would at least be scarcely removed from their minds in a fortnight. In short, with such important conversation was I entertained during the whole course of the evening, that you must needs suppose my head was somewhat bewildered. Returning home to my own lodgings, I fell into a deep contemplation of those superstitions and follies which are the cause of so much uneasiness. It put me in mind of an old proverb, that those persons, who have no great mat-

ters to disturb them, will let trifles answer in their place; and as if the ordinary disturbances of life did not cause sufficient anxiety, they must let every dream or caprice bring to their minds an unnecessary trouble. I some time ago had related to me, a story of one of these old diviners, who was going a journey on a day appointed; he however, deferred it till another time, because a hen was heard to crow, while he was preparing to start. The howling of a dog at midnight, or an apparition in the afternoon, are equally considered as fatal omens. I even heard a young lady, who one morning was informed that her cap was wrong side out, declare that she would not alter it that day for fear of turning luck.

I would not wish to be acquainted with this art of divining, if it were possible that I might; for as no good can be derived from it, certainly the knowledge of it can be of no use. Of what advantage can it be to a person to know the evil that is to befall him, if it is not in his power to avert it? and as to the good, it will come much more agreeably when unexpected, than it possibly can when its coming is anticipated. He must certainly live a wretched life, who knows the time his existence will end. The thought of Death would be for ever in his view, and through all his life he must suffer its pains. The pleasures of life would be no more, the fear of death would destroy them all. His anguish would increase with his days, and compel him to wish even death to approach. Since this would be the unhappy case of such a person, Providence has wisely ordained that we should not be Prophets. Could every one be contented with what falls to his lot, and take no notice of any such prognostics, he would pass the present with much more satisfaction and the future would arrive agreeable to his expectation. Whereas, if he be continually employed in searching after tokens, and apply his whole attention to the pursuit of them; he will labour in vain after all his acquisitions, and his utmost skill will be continually baffled.

STRANGER.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

NO. II.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

It is impossible that we should enjoy that tranquillity of the mind which forms true happiness, if we do not take care to cultivate our understanding, and to store it with every thing that is capable of regulating and sharpening it. Difficult indeed is it, for an ignorant man to have a competency within himself; he is frequently in need of foreign aid, and consequently, cannot be said to enjoy life; for the helps on which his happiness depends very often fail him, and from that moment commences his wretchedness.

Time is in a great measure lost, when it is not employed to guard against the failings to which mankind is incident. Study furnishes such reflections as teach how to make the best use of good fortune, and to support

with firmness the pressure of adversity. It is necessary, therefore, to take as much care of the mind as of the body, because from the perfection of the former, true enjoyment can only be attained; hence it is essential to be always providing for its support, as it is like a lamp, which goes out if not supplied with oil.

There is this difference between the mind and body: exercise and fatigue enervate the latter, and exertion altogether maintains and advances the former. The more its genius is cultivated, the more strength it gathers; old age itself, which has so entire a power over the body, seldom makes encroachments on the mind when it is habituated to a proper sublimity of thought. Cicero justly observes, that credulity, weakness, and irregularity though generally attending, ought not to be ascribed to old age, but to sordidness, sloth, and other habits acquired in youth. We should, therefore, consider the understanding as a treasure, that is of use at all times, and of which we cannot take too much pains to increase.

Acquired knowledge is not only useful but pleasant; it affords the mind a two-fold satisfaction, and preserves it from rust, a poison fatal to tranquillity, and which corrupts the most delightful resources. A man who loves the arts and sciences is never idle; all his moments are employed, wheresoever he is, or goes, he always carries what will agreeably amuse him. The sciences are formed for all stages of life: the older a man is, the more necessary they are; in youth they serve for amusement; at years of maturity for a companion, and in old age for a comforter.

Application supplies us with a thousand ways to dispel that uneasiness and desire which vacant hours necessarily beget. Employment induces us to forget many things which, when idle, make a disagreeable and strong impression. The grievances of the body are also relieved by study, for so many pleasing objects are collected by it as counteract, or at least render supportable the distresses occasioned by necessity. Even the infirmities of advanced years are meliorated by study; the concomitant symptoms of childhood are repelled by thoughts more grave and solid, and debility comes on unperceived. Thus did Newton, Boerhave, and the illustrious Fontenelle pass their lives. The greatest among the ancients improved their understandings to the last. Sophocles composed tragedies till he was exceeding old; and it is said, that he was no less than one hundred when he wrote his tragedy of Oedipus. His children, finding that the application he gave to his writings caused him to neglect family concerns, commenced a suit of lunacy against him; but Sophocles made no other defence than reciting the tragedy of Oedipus, which he had then just finished, and afterwards asked his judges, whether they thought the play was the production of a man that had lost his reason, upon this he was immediately acquitted!

Z.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE AMERICAN IDLER.

NO. II.

Rise muses rise, add all your tuneful breath,
These * must not sleep in darkness, and in death.

POPE.

SINCE the publication of the first number of the *Idler*, my friend Jack has paid me a visit, to offer his congratulations, and compliment me on the spirit and beauty which he pretends to have discovered in it. But as his observations are very superficial, and as I depend on his judgment, as little as my own, the commendations he bestows do not much flatter me. There are, however, a class of readers whose *good opinions* would much animate the *Idler*, and stimulate him to use exertions in maintaining respectability, far exceeding any he ever made before, and truly when his character who thus "*tries paths unvisited before*," is duly considered; he hopes some degree of honour, or at least a small portion of praise will attach to him. Jack Listless for one, will I know, proclaim the fancied excellence of my numbers in every circle, for he has now become so enamoured of the scheme, that he not only acknowledges he was wrong in his prediction mentioned in the first essay, but even promises to shake off indolence, turn writer himself, and "help me along" with this work.

That many literary plans, of like nature with mine, have not only failed of producing any good effect, but soon entirely ceased from operating; is a truth obvious to every observer. This has been the case more, from the indolence and inattention of their authors, than from any other circumstance. Knowing this, and being also well acquainted with my own want of diligence, I have persuaded my friend Studiosus to render his assistance in this paper, and on him I greatly depend for its future continuance.

Though otherwise much engaged (as he observes in the following communication) he is still willing to add to his other avocations, that of assisting his *Idle friend*! For him I entertain a great friendship, though our characters are very dissimilar. He is diligent, I am quite the contrary; he is an attentive observer of whatever passes in the world, I am entirely inattentive; he is resolute in the prosecution of whatever he undertakes, I often give over the pursuit if I see the object difficult of attainment.

The good qualities of Studiosus are not of a negative kind. He is philanthropic and benevolent, and always engaged in some endeavour for promoting the general welfare; and forwarding every effect of practical benevolence. He was one of the prime movers of an establishment of young men for the most important and laudable purpose, and whose association is now acknowledged, to be of the first utility. The curious reader may ask what *association* this is? delicacy forbids my mentioning it; if I did so, he would immediately agree that it is highly beneficial to the community.

* Number:!

Such is the person of whose character I have attempted a slight sketch. He is very competent to assist me, and the readers of the "*American Idler*," will, I hope, be much pleased whenever he makes his appearance.

The following is the communication before alluded to.

TO THE IDLER.

Sir,

Influenced, I trust, with a due proportion of that diffidence, which, is unquestionably necessary to have existence in the number of those who venture to submit their productions to the scrutinizing eye of the public; I enter on the performance of an engagement, to address you in this manner, and perhaps, without sufficient reference to my inability for the task. I shall, however, trust the issue, relying on your candour to be informed whenever my communications become fraught with so much *nonsense*, as to be unworthy your attention, and that this liberty will be embraced without reserve, my acquaintance with your disposition, affords me ample assurance.

The publication of periodical papers, similar to the one you have begun, is a subject which of late has claimed my attention, and I have considered them a channel through which might be handed to the various descriptions of persons, an ample fund of instruction and amusement; provided our literary men would render their assistance to distribute through their columns a requisite proportion of

The wisdom and the wit.

SHAKESPEARE.

Much judgment is also necessary on the part of Editors: indeed it is to them we look for the selection and arrangement of the various papers offered to their acceptance, and as the *repast* is frequent, our good sense informs us, that it should be of a light kind; I mean of such a nature, as not to require much exertion to *digest* or understand, for when the mind is disposed for study, the volumes of Ancient and Modern History with those of Natural, Moral, and Experimental Philosophy, will doubtless better satiate the appetite, than the limits of a weekly paper.

There is another consideration not improper to remark, I mean a strict attention to Morality: conceiving it indispensably necessary. To offend the eye of delicacy with the *smutty* productions of any writer, either in prose or poetry, is as degrading as it is infamous; no man of principle would uphold an establishment which could be so destructive to the morals of youth, the result of which is nothing short of an entire annihilation of those bonds which hitherto have kept civilized society together, and I should reluctantly admit a belief, that the present generation would wish to bury their respect for *Virtue*, in the "*Tombs of their fathers*." On this head I shall ask your leave to insert the opinion of the great Dr. Johnson, presuming it will have that weight it so justly deserves.—"No greater felicity (says he) can genius attain, than that of having peri-

fied intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness, of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the end of goodness; and to use expressions yet more awful of having turned many to righteousness." I shall conclude this hasty scrawl by informing you that as my time is necessarily employed.—In the various concerns, it will be uncertain how much of it can be assigned for this purpose, nevertheless, assure yourself that when leisure is afforded, you may expect to hear from me,—in the interval believe me to be

yours, &c.

STUDIOSUS.

The reader may in part judge from this what will be the future essays of Studiosus. As it is however but his introduction, they cannot form a correct idea of them, and I beg they will not make any hasty conclusions. I perfectly agree with him, that the assistance of our literary men is only necessary to render a work of this kind respectable; and therefore beg their aid to make it so. Any communication, therefore, addressed to the "American Idler," will be highly flattering, and shall always be treated with candour and impartiality.

J.

MISCELLANY.

THE POETRY OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

THERE is a passage in Don Quixote relative to the Spanish drama, which for a considerable time excited the curiosity and regret of the lovers of poetry in Spain. "You will allow (said the curate) that there were three tragedies represented in Spain, a few years ago, composed by a famous poet of these realms, which astonished, delighted and suspended all who heard them, simple as well as gentle, vulgar as well as learned, and brought more money to the actors than thirty of the best plays that had been written before them." "Undoubtedly (replied the actor) you must speak of the Isabella Phillis, and Alexandra." "I speak of them (replied the curate); see if they do not observe the rules of art, and in consequence of observing them, please all the world." The name of the author was unknown, and the tragedies were supposed to be lost, till, a few years since, two of them were discovered, and proved to be the productions of Lupericio Leonarda.—These two, the Isabella, and Alexandra, were published, for the first time, by Don Juan Joseph Lopez de Sedano, in his *Parnaso Espanol*, a work which it would be equally unjust and ungrateful to mention without high approbation; an analysis of one of these tragedies will give an idea of the state of the Spanish drama, in the golden age of their poetry.

The scene lies in Zaragoza, and the piece opens with a conversation between Alboacen, king of that city, and his minister Audalla. It appears, that Alboacen is on the point of going to war with Pedro, the Spanish monarch; this, however, alarms him not, his anxiety proceeds from an enemy within the

walls of Zaragoza. By this enemy, Audalla understands the Christians, and the Moors are represented as intolerant in his speech; a right Catholic idea of the religion of Mahomed. Here too he relates the history of our Lady of the Pillar, and this relation must have secured the favour of a Zaragozan audience.—The king refuses to expel the Christians; he will favour them for Isabella's sake, the cause of his anxiety, because the object of his fruitless love. This resolution of the king soon changes, when he learns, that Muley Albenzayde, his friend and favourite, is the favoured lover of Isabella, and her convert to Christianity. A soliloquy of Isabella follows, her fears and prayers are interrupted by the arrival of Muley, now returned from the Christian territories adjoining, where he has been baptized by the name of Lupericio. It is somewhat singular, that the author should have given his own name to the heroes of both his plays.

Isabella appears much distressed at the rumour that the Christians are to be expelled the city. Muley endeavours to quiet her apprehensions, and says, that as he is intimate with the king, he will make him delay this measure, under the pretext that it would inform Pedro prematurely of his hostile intentions; he will persuade Alboacen to promise tribute to Pedro, that he may have time to prepare for war. In the mean time, the Christians in Zaragoza may prepare themselves for resistance; and, when the king refuses tribute, he may be attacked or overpowered by foreign and domestic enemies. Satisfied that the end sanctifies the means, Muley departs with the intention.

In the following scene, Audalla informs himself and the audience, that he is desperately in love with Isabella; that it is very foolish and very unfortunate, but he cannot help it.

The servant of Muley tells Isabella that he has seen his master thrown into a dungeon among venomous serpents. Her sister enters, and tells her, that the house is surrounded by a crowd of Christians, that they know the king's love for her, and that they come, led by her father, to intreat mercy from Isabella.

The second act opens with the supplications of the Christians to Isabella: her parents and her sister join them in intreating that she will supplicate the king for them. Isabella yields at last.

A scene follows between Adulce, the exiled king of Valencia, and Selin, his friend. He expresses his hope of being restored, by the aid of Alboacen, to his kingdom; but complains heavily of his love for that prince's inexorable sister, Aja. He is now about to ride to see her, and Selin tells him his horse is ready:

A goodly steed
Waits you; so fleet and forcible, he seems
Foal'd by the fire, and nourished by the
winds.

Alboacen and Audalla are discovered in the palace; the king deeply laments the perfidy of Muley, whose death Audalla demands.

Isabella enters; in answer to her entreaties, Alboacen states, that he had applied to a holy man, to know the will of heaven, who had declared that the prophet could only be appeased by the sacrifice of that person whom the king loved best; that person is Isabella, but, willing to save her, he had banished the Christians that Isabella might depart with them, and chosen Muley for the victim. She attempts to convince him that he ought to sacrifice her, because this very attempt to save her, proves her to be the person he loves best. Provoked, at length by jealousy, the king exclaims, that she shall have the death she desires, with the dog she loves, Massinger makes an old courtier say:

You are a king,
And what in a mean man I should think
folly,
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom.

By the same privilege, we may class the term by which the king addresses Isabella, in the polite vocabulary of vituperation. She is committed to the custody of Audalla, and the old minister tells her not to dread severity from him.

The sister of the king now declares her love for Muley, in a long speech to herself. She commands Adulce to save him by force; in vain he represents to her the ingratitude of exciting an insurrection against his protector. She insists upon it, and leaves him to lament his fate in a long soliloquy, concluding the second act.

Audalla, finding that no means can subdue the virtue of Isabella, shows her the dead bodies of her father, mother, and sister, and sends her to execution. Aja is discovered upon the top of a tower, eagerly watching for Adulce, to save her beloved Muley. A messenger comes and informs her, that the Christians have lost two columns of their faith—but gained two martyrs. She listens to the long detail of their deaths, vows vengeance in a soliloquy, and departs to execute it.

Azan and Zauzalla, two characters introduced only in this scene, now enter; and the one tells the other that he had overheard Audalla making love to Isabella, informed the king of it, and seen the old minister put to death.

Aja and Selin meet. Selin tells Aja that his master has killed himself, because he could not obey her injunctions. Aja tells him that she has killed Alboacen to revenge Muley, and then she kills herself. The tragedy is concluded by the ghost of Isabella, she says, that, like the phoenix, she rises from the funeral pile to heaven, and hopes that whenever her history shall be represented on the stage, the audience will applaud it.

The characters in this piece are fourteen, and ten of them are killed. The Alexandra has eleven characters, and nine of these are killed, without reckoning children. The editor has annexed some just and judicious remark upon these tragedies, but they exceed my limits, and would not be new to an English reader. Ill planned and ill executed as

they are (the one which I have analysed is the best) they will reflect no disgrace on Luperio Leonarda, when we recollect, that he could be but twenty years old when they were represented, and that they were superior to any his countrymen had then produced. The variety of metres in which they are written, though altogether improper for tragedy, advantageously display his powers in versification; and, if he had left no other works, there are passages brilliant enough in these, to entitle him to a high rank among the poets of Spain.

Bartholome survived his brother many years; he continued the annals of Zurita, and I hope and believe that he is included in the praise bestowed upon that author; by Robert Robinson, a man whose uncommon learning, and still more uncommon liberality, deserve this respectful mention. He was, indeed, Royal Historiographer to the execrable Philip II. but Bartholome Leonardo was an honest man, and I do not know that Philip demanded apostacy as a qualification.

In one of his Epistles, he describes the birds as coming to a general council; among the rest (he says) there came *my* partridge, to whom orange and pepper is myrrh and frankincense. He lived to the age of sixty-six, deservedly respected, and the ease of a literary and canonical life was only occasionally interrupted by the gout; a complaint which, however painful it may be, is certainly an orthodox and gentleman-like one. The following extract from an epistle, written by him in the latter years of his life, shall conclude my account of Bartholome Leonarda; the ideas may not be new, but they are calm and contemplative; they are lines which I often read with pleasure, and which make me love the old rector of Villahermosa;

As the deep river swift and silent flows
Towards the ocean, I am borne adown
The quiet tide of time. Nought now remains
Of the past years; and for the years to come,
Their dark and undiscoverable deeds
Elude the mortal eye. Beholding thus
How daily life wains on, so may I learn,
Not with an unprovided mind, to meet
That hour, when Death shall gather up the old
And wither'd plant, whose season is gone by.
The spring flowers fade, th' autumnal fruits decay,
And gray old Winter, with his clouds and storms,
Comes on; the leaves, whose calm cool murmuring
Made pleasant music to our green-wood walks,
Now rustle dry beneath our sinking feet.
So all things rise and perish; we the while
Do, with a dull and profitless eye, behold
All this, and think not of our latter end.
My friend! we will not let that soil, which oft
Impregnate with the rains and dews of heaven,
Is barren still and stubborn to the plough,
Emblem our thankless hearts; nor of our God
Forgetful, be as is the worthless vine,
That in due season brings not forth its fruits,

Thinkest thou, that God created man alone
To wander o'er the world and ocean waste,
Or for the blasting thunderbolt of war?
Was this his being's end? Oh! how he errs,

Who of his godlike nature and his God
Thus poorly, basely, blasphemously deems!
For higher actions, and for loftier ends,
Our better part, the deathless and divine,
Was form'd. The fire that animates my breast

May not be quench'd, and when that breast is cold,

The unextinguishable fire shall burn
With brighter splendour: till that hour arrive,

Obedient to my better part, my friend,
Be it my lot to live, and thro' the world,
Careless of human praise, pass quietly.
The Eastern despot, he whose silver towers
Shot back a rival radiance to the sun,
He was too poor for sin's extravagance;
But Virtue, like the air and light of heaven,
To all accessible, at every heart
Intreats admittance. Wretched fool is he
Who, through the perils of the earth and waves,

Toils on for wealth? A little peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes, add to this
My book and friend, and this is happiness.

EXTRACT.

Kings are compared to the fathers of a family, and not without reason: this comparison is founded upon the very nature and origin of royalty.

Le premier des rois fut un soldat heureux.
A lucky soldier was the first of kings. VOLT.

But let it be observed, that the poet puts these words into the mouth of a tyrant, an usurper, and the murderer of his king; because it is a sentiment unworthy of being uttered by any lawful prince, who, differing from Polyphontes, would more truly in character say,

"He, as o'er children reign'd, who first was king"

A father was naturally the head of his family: that, by increasing, became a people, of which consequently he was the ruler, or king; and, no doubt, the eldest son *thought* himself entitled to inherit the father's authority. Thus the sceptre was continued in the same family, until a lucky soldier, or some fortunate rebel, became the first stem of a new race.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CARDANUS.

HIERONYMUS Cardanus, a native of Milan, was born on the first day of October, 1508. He had been a professor of the medical art in most of the Italian universities; in 1570, was put into prison; and on his being enlarged, repaired to Rome, where the pope gave him a pension. Never was mortal man more remarkable for a strange inequality of behaviour than this very singular man. His life was a series of odd adventures, which he has committed to writing with a simplicity, or rather a freedom, that is but seldom to be met with among the learned; for, in truth, it seems as if he had

written the history of his life for no other purpose, but to give the public an amazing instance, that a person may be endowed with a great genius, yet be a fool at the same time. He makes an ingenious confession of his good and bad qualities. He seems to have sacrificed every other consideration to a desire of being sincere; and this sincerity being often misplaced tarnished his reputation.

Although an author seldom errs when he spontaneously undertakes to give an account of his morals and sentiments, yet we are rather inclined to dissent from, than to believe, what Cardanus relates of himself; because it seems improbable that nature could have formed a character so capricious and so unequal as his was. He paid himself congratulatory compliments for not having a friend in this world, but that in requital he was attended by an aerial spirit, partly emanated from Saturn, and partly from Mercury, that was the constant guide of his actions, and teacher of every duty to which he was bound.

He declared too that he was so irregular in his manner of walking the streets, as to induce all beholders to point at him as a fool. Sometimes he walked very slowly, like a man absorbed in a profound meditation; then all on a sudden quickened his steps, accompanying them with very absurd attitudes.

In Bologna, his delight was to be drawn about in a mean vehicle with three wheels. The liveliest picture that can be given of this very singular philosopher, is couched in the following verses of Horace, which indeed Cardanus confessed to agree perfectly well with his character.

Nil æquale homini fuit illi; sæpe velut qui
Curbat fugiens hostem, persæpe velut qui,
Junonis sacra ferret: habebat sæpe ducentos
Sæpe decem servos, &c.

IMITATED.

Where find a semblance for inconstancy?
Now quick of speed, as if from foes he fled;
Now slow he moves, and with a solemn air,
As if great Juno's altar he'd approach;
Now with attendants crowded, now alone.

When nature did not visit him with any bodily pain, he would procure to himself that disagreeable sensation, by biting his lips so wantonly, or pulling his fingers to such a vehement degree, as sometimes to force the tears from his eyes; and the reason he assigned for so doing was in order to moderate certain impetuous sallies of the mind, whose violence was by far more insupportable to him than pain itself; and that the sure consequence of such a severe practice was his better enjoying the pleasure of health.

Cardanus makes no scruple of owning that he was revengeful, envious, treacherous, a dealer in the black art, a backbiter, a calumniator, and unreservedly addicted to all the foul and detestable excesses that can be imagined: yet notwithstanding (as one should think) so humbling a declaration, there was never perhaps a vainer mortal, or a man that with less ceremony expressed the high opinion he had of himself than Cardanus was known to do, as will appear by the following proofs.

"I have been admired by many nations; an almost infinite number of panegyrics in prose and verse have been composed to celebrate my fame. I was born to release the world from the manifold errors under which it groaned. What I have found out could not be discovered either by my predecessors, or my contemporaries; and that is the reason why those authors, who write any thing worthy of being remembered, blush not to own that they are indebted to me for it. I have composed a book on the dialectic art, in which there is neither a superfluous letter, nor one deficient. I finished it in seven days; which seems a prodigy. Yet where is there a person to be found, that can boast his having become master of its doctrine in a year? And he that shall have comprehended it in that time, must appear to have been instructed by a familiar demon."

When we consider the transcendent qualities of Cardanus's mind, we cannot deny his having cultivated it with every species of knowledge, and his having made a greater progress in philosophy, in the medical art, in astronomy, in mathematics, &c. than the most part of his contemporaries who had applied their study but to one of those sciences. Scaliger, who wrote with much warmth against Cardanus, is candid enough to own the other's being endowed with a very comprehensive, penetrating, and incomparable mind; wherefore, every thing duly examined, we cannot help joining in opinion, that his soul must have been of a most extraordinary cast.

He has been accused of impiety, and even of atheism; because in his book *de Subtilitate* he quotes some principles of different religions, with the argument upon which they are founded. He proposes the reasons offered by the Pagans, by the Jews, by the Mahometans, and by the Christians; but those of the last in the weakest light. Nevertheless, in reading the book which Cardanus hath composed *de vita propria*, we find more characteristic marks of a superstitious man, than of a free-thinker. It is true, indeed, that he owns he was not a devotee, *parum pius*; but he at the same time declares, that altho' he was naturally very vindictive, he often let slip the occasion of satisfying his resentment: let such a neglect then be ascribed to his veneration for the Deity, *Dei ob venerationem*.

He says, "there is no form of worship more pleasing to the Deity, than that of obeying the law, against the strongest impulsion of our nature to trespass against it." He plumes himself greatly on having refused a considerable sum of money offered to him by Edward, king of England, on the condition that he would give to that prince those very titles which the pope had taken from him. We cannot find, in any work, proofs of more solidity and good sense, than in the reflections made by him in the twenty-second chapter, where he unfoldeth his idea of religion. The reason which he assigns for his love of solitude, instead of making him liable to, ought rather to free him from, the charge of impiety; viz. "When I am alone," says he, "I am then more than at a-

ny other time in company with those I love; the Deity, and my good angel."

Cardanus had a great many irregular faculties, that were more daring than judicious, and fonder of a redundancy than of a choice in materials to work upon. The same capriciousness observable in his moral conduct, is to be remarked in the composition of his works. We have a multitude of his treatises, in which the reader is stopped almost every moment by the obscurity of his text, or the digressions from the subject in point.

In his arithmetical performances there are several discourses on the motion of the planets, on the creation, and on the tower of Babel. In his dialectic work, we find his judgment upon historians and the writers of epistles. The only apology which he makes for the frequency of his digressions is, that they were purposely done for the sooner filling up of the sheet, his bargain with the bookseller being at so much per sheet; and that he worked as much for his daily support, as for the acquisition of glory.

It was Cardanus who revived, in latter times, all the secret philosophy of the Cabala and Cabalists, which filled the world with spirits; a likeness to whom he asserted we might attain by purifying ourselves with philosophy: he chose for himself however, notwithstanding such reveries, this fine device, *Tempus mea possessio, tempus meus ager*; "Time is my sole possession, and the only fund I have to improve."

EUGENIO.

(Continued from p. 56.)

"In my situation at that time," answered Eugenio, "it was not easy to form any of those tender connexions to which you allude; but however," continued the young gentleman, looking on the ground, and reddening as he proceeded, "to keep from you no part of the truth, nature, when she planted so many strong and ardent propensities in my mind, did not forget the passion of love. Not all the haughtiness of my temper has been able to resist its growth; in spite of every opposition it has flourished with incredible luxuriance. I cannot, however, accuse myself of any hard-heartedness, treachery, or design, in my intercourse with the sex: nothing but simple crimes of this nature load my conscience—tear has been shed for tear, wherever they have flowed on my account."

Here the deepest vermilion overspread the cheek of Amelia; and in spite of her utmost pains to suppress it, a tear trickled down, that in the sequel of their mournful intimacy was to be paid by a thousand from Eugenio. I took notice, that, as he finished this sentence, his looks involuntarily strayed towards Amelia's; and in the chaste and melting concern which he read in them, he saw himself rebuked, chastised, pitied, and forgiven.

"Well, Sir," continued Eugenio, "as soon as I felt that my fortunes were sinking fast, I revolved in my mind various schemes of redemption; and no resource took my fancy so much as that of writing for the press. With this I immediately retouched some sati-

rical pieces, into which I had poured all my indignation, and sold them for trifling sums to a bookseller of no eminence, who appeared to esteem them so little, that I never afterwards made any enquiries after them, or even looked for their characters in those monthly bills of literary mortality, the Reviews. They answered, however, the purpose of present relief; and kept me from saddest of all degradations, the necessity of running into debt. By engaging in various booksellers' jobs, I gained a tolerable supply; and as I was subject to no interruptions, I made such dispatch, that I was able, out of my savings, to send two or three little presents home, and, among others, some books on medicine, to my mother, who, finding it impossible to be bountiful in proportion to her feelings, was daily filling up the measure of her humanity by administering such comfort as was within her reach to the sick and the sorrowful. This experience of what I was able to perform towards my own support, fired me with an ambition to launch forth into the literary world in quality of Author, which situation I figured to myself as most correspondent to my feelings of independence.

Impressed myself with an awful respect for genius, I conceived that its claims must be heard wherever they were advanced; and that, as soon as my title was acknowledged, it would ensure me place and precedence amidst the press of interest and the pride of fortune. Full of these illusory expectations, I wrote a very florid epistle to my father, in which I scrupled not to acquaint him with the irksomeness of my situation, as well as with the unprofitable expences to which I was subject, and painted the advantages of my plan of authorship in the best colours I was able. I proposed to take a lodging in town, and immediately to enlist in the service of the booksellers, some of whom had suggested such tasks to me as they thought were suitable to my particular talents. My father whose enthusiasm was not entirely vanquished, and who felt his old fires rekindle at the notion of enterprise and adventure, entered readily enough into the proposal. My mother resisted for a time, from a general habit of caution and timidity; but being furnished with no particular objections from experience, soon left the field to my father, who, now growing heated with the project, as was his custom, urged me to hasten my departure from college, and to enter upon my brilliant career as soon as my arrangements could be made. My precipitancy corresponded with my father's impatience. In two days after the receipt of this letter, I cleared all my accounts in the University, and set off for London with a few guineas in my pocket, and a lighter heart than I had ever yet felt in the course of my life, except when I sallied out against a flying enemy from my little fortifications behind my father's house.

"As soon as I arrived in town, I repaired to the house of a bookseller, with whom I had corresponded, and who had promised me accommodation and employment. My friend was as good as his word, and I enter-

ed immediately on this brilliant career, as my father had termed it, in a little room four stories high, which was my parlour, my study, and my chamber. From this elevated apartment, I looked out of my window, and proudly surveyed the little world below me, as a victorious general casts his eye over the country before him, which he soon expects to lay under contribution. Such were the extravagant hopes I had suffered my fancy to indulge, which a few months were sufficient to disenchant.

"My employer if rigid in his exactions, was punctual in his payments: and such was my zeal and assiduity in this undertaking, that in a quarter of a year I found money to follow up those presents to my parents, which had once already so sweetened the rewards of my diligence. I began to wonder, however, that I entered coffee-houses, and travelled the streets, without hearing my name mentioned, or my writings applauded. I never had supposed that genius stood in need of patronage, or talents of introduction; and as I then persuaded myself that I was not without these pretensions, my choler rose at the frigid indifference with which I was regarded, and my mind began again to fluctuate between pride and despondency.

"One day, as I was passing through the shop, I observed a young man turning over some books with an air of contemptuous importance. As he looked round, I recognised a face which I had seen at College. It happened that this gentleman was one of those who had manifested a good disposition towards me, and had made frequent offers of service to me, which it suited not my pride to accept. I was no sooner perceived by him, than he made up to me with great cordiality, and endeavoured to engage me in conversation. Though I felt but little promptitude to push my acquaintance beyond its narrow limit, in my present quarrel with the world; yet there was something of originality and history in the countenance of this person, that interested my curiosity in spite of myself. He drew from me, some how or other, the particulars of my situation, and the nature of my present engagements, of all which circumstances I observed that he made notes in a little book of memorandums.

"My dear Sir," said he, putting his book into his pocket, "it gives me concern to think that you have so egregiously lost your way in the pursuit of fame. The direct road which used to lead to its temple has long been barred, and there is no access left but through bye-doors and secret passages. As you have always had my esteem and good wishes, it is a sensible pleasure to me to be able to put you to right, and to lay before you a chart of these cross-roads, with all the odd turnings that will help to shorten the length and fatigues of your journey." "Here he proposed to me to step into a coffee-house, that he might be at liberty to detail those instructions which were to raise so rapidly my fortune in the world. As soon as we were seated, he thus continued:—

"I also was intended, Sir, for holy orders; but I was of a humour uncongenial with all professions; and my mind was too excursive,

or my nature too volatile, to endure the confinement and buckram of any formal course of habit, or punctilious line of duty. I resolved to remain at large, and to take up at once the character of a gentleman, without sacrificing the most precious half of life to obtain it. In the life of an author I saw all that distinction of which I was enamoured, and a range of exertion very suitable to the vivacity of my temper and genius.

"I must confess too, that having but a small fund of my own to draw from, I saw vast room in this great town for the exercise of innocent chicanery in profiting by other men's superfluities of talent, and disguising my own deficiency; in which kind of resource I may say I have proved myself consummate. Thus prepared, I set out upon my career about twelve months ago; and, notwithstanding the great competition which late years have produced among our fraternity, I soon acquired more than my just share of distinction, and am already considerable enough to be abused by half the town. By computing the ratio of this abuse for the last three months, I find that my credit is making very rapid advances; and as I am pretty prodigal of abuse in my turn, I have reason to expect that my head, ere a month passes over it, will either appear in the pillory, or as a frontispiece to the next magazine."

(To be continued.)

LOPE DE VEGA.

IT is said in the History of the life of this writer, that no less than 1800 Comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His Autos Sacramentales (a kind of sacred drama) exceed 400; besides which there is a collection of his Poems of various kinds in 21 vols. 4to.

It is also said, in the history of his life, that there was no public success on which he did not compose a panegyric; no marriage of distinction without an epithalamium of his writing, or child whose nativity he did not celebrate; not a prince died on whom he did not write an elegy; there was no saint for whom he did not produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not distinguish; no literary dispute at which he did not assist either as secretary or president. He said of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to 133, 225 sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days which it would have been difficult for another man to have even copied in the same time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days, reading them as he proceeded in a private house to Joseph de Valdevieso.

Juan Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compose one as fast as they could.—Lope took the first act, and Montalvan the second, which they wrote in two days; and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalvan, seeing that the other wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lope, whom he found in

the garden looking at an orange tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written 150 other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalvan the eight sheets and the 150 verses.

DUELLING.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

"You have injured me, Sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death."—Or,

"You have given me the lie, Sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what do I insist upon is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head."—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—

"Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me, if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will shew that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof, at your risk, who have put me under the necessity.

Colonel Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer who was in the vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him, that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going, which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told, by some arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It is all one for that, they said, in these cases. The Colonel was the fittest man in the world, every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down in the coffee-house, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. "Sir," replied Colonel Guise, "I have done my duty by you, and no more."—"But, colonel," added the young officer, faltering, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known resolution, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody"—"Oh! Sir," replied the colonel, "your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman," (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables) "who has killed half the regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and that, for that reason, he must fight him. "Who I, Sir?" replied the gentleman: "why I am Peale the apothecary."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

WINTER—SKETCH THIRD.

CHILL blows the howling blast, the cold is
piercing,
Winter still reigns with unrelenting rigor,
And his dread train of miseries disperses
Through this fair city.

See yonder mansion's walls, and frowning
grandeur,
Conceals a poor and scarcely shelt'ring hovel,
Its poorer tenants 'press'd with cold and
hunger,
There mourn unnotic'd.

See thence the father of a helpless offspring,
(Braving the piercing blast, with limbs half
shelter'd)
Issues to seek (ah fruitless search) employ-
ment :
In the dull city.

While 'round the weeping mother cling her
children,
Benumb'd their limbs with cold, and loudly
crying
For bread, but ah no bread their mansion
blesses :
No, not a morsel.

Scarce from the cold their little limbs are
shelter'd,
A tatter'd blanket is their only cov'ring ;
While on the fire (their last) a scanty faggot
Fast wastes to ashes.

Sickness has wasted all their scanty savings,
Sickness has wasted all their summer's earn-
ings,
And left them bare and penniless and na-
ked :
To face the winter.

Hard is their fate, hungry, and cold, despair-
ing—
Their wretchedness unknown, their sighs
unanswer'd
Save by the wintry gale that howls around
them,
Mocking their anguish.

How hard the pangs that wring a mother's
bosom,
When her lov'd offspring cry to her for sust'-
nance,
That sust'nance which the griping hand of
pen'ry,
Withholds unfeeling.

Reader attend, such scenes are not ideal,
Not the mere offsprings of a poet's fancy,
Who paints in glowing hues unfelt distresses;
No, these are real.

But pause my muse, the gloomy portrait
brightens,
Benevolence array'd in smiles approaches,
To chase the anxious cares of want and sor-
row ;
And help the wretched.

I see with gen'rous hearts and hands un-
sparing,
The rich and lib'ral misery relieving ;

I hear the lone, unshelter'd cot resounding
With grateful rapture.

And what though Fame records the tyrants
conquests,
And bids her trumpet swell with names de-
tested,
Leaving the noblest deeds of virtue slumber
Unrecollected.

A brighter meed shall be the future portion,
Of those who follow in the paths of Pity,
Healing the sorrows of the wretched sufferers,
Who claim her notice.

ALFRED.

JOHANNIS SECUNDI BASIUM III.
IMITATED.

I.

One kiss—dear Maria—one kiss and adieu—
Thy lips sweet as nectar in armorous play,
To mine with an ardour all graceful you
drew—
Then—snatch'd 'em with trembling im-
patience away.

II.

So the swain, when the sports of the village
invite,
With festivity crown'd and with innocence
blest,
As he trips o'er the meadows—aghast with
affright,
Recoils from the adder his footsteps has prest.

III.

This was surely no kiss—it serv'd only, my
fair !
To leave to desire my fond bosom a prey,
To add a new sting to the pangs of despair,
And—the passion inflame it was meant to
allay.

EPIGRAM.

The Man whose bones lie here, at rest,
Was once as merry as the best ;
A true support of Hymen's laws,
Who durst have dy'd in Cupid's cause :
And one, who thus has pass'd the test,
Deserves an hearty wish' at least.
Then fill the bowl, and send it round ;
Soft be his bed ! his Slumbers sound !

BEAUTY.

The variety of colour is in the head and
face ; the beauty of the rest of the body is in
its uniformity of white. To begin with the
hair :—the colour of the hair is according to
taste : the Romans were partial to red—

Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis ?

So were the Greeks ; but Anacreon appears
to have preferred black :

“ Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.”

Although a black coloured hair is particu-
larly calculated to set off the whiteness of
the skin, I do not hesitate to give the prefer-
ence to a light brown, full, and waving care-
lessly in unpremeditated ringlets.

The eyes speaking a language more delicate
than the tongue, should be full of expressive
eloquence, and either blue, hazel, or black :
its beauty consists chiefly in its languor or

briskness. In the first there is more sweet-
ness and delicacy ; in the latter more vivacity
and expression. When once the languid eye
makes itself understood, its expressions are
deep and lasting ; the other, surprising by its
splendour, and dazzling by its vivacity, loses
the effect by the quickness of the cause.

The cheeks require to be soft and plump,
with an air of delicate health richly tinted
with a vermillion colour.

The nose placed exactly in the centre of
the face, mounting abruptly, with an imper-
ceptible rising upon its top.

The beauty of the mouth are the teeth
and lips. The teeth should be rather long,
narrow, and highly polished : the lips pout-
ing, with a living redness. 'Tis in the lips,
as Ariosto says.

That those soft words are form'd, whose pow-
er detains
Th' obdurate soul in Love's alluring chains !
'Tis here the smiles receive their infant birth,
Whose sweets reveal a paradise on earth.

The chin small, white, soft, and decorated
with dimples.

The poets have generally made the chin
the seat of love ;—as in Drummond of Hay-
thornden, sonnet 25, part 1.

“ Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
“ And finds not Venus' son entrench'd there-
in ?”

And in the Shepherd's Tales, by Richard
Brathwayte :

“ ————A dimpled chin,
“ Made for Love to lodge him in.

And Matthew Prior :

“ In her forehead's fair half round
“ Love sits in open triumph crown'd :
“ He, in the dimples of her chin,
“ In private state by friends is seen.”

The figure should rather incline to the
diminutive ; the head small, the neck straight,
flexible and rather long, increasing in size
and whiteness towards the bosom, which
should be heightened by a few blue swelling
veins ; the shoulders spread ; the sides long,
and the hips rather wider than the shoulders.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The compositions of V. G. are unqualified
for publication.

“ STRANGER.”—The reflections of this
writer are correct and well expressed. In
addition to what Mr. Addison has said upon
the subject, several other extravagancies are
noticed and justly reprehended.

DIED—On Friday morning the 15th inst.
of a consumption. Mr. Hugh Blackwood,
merchant of this city, aged 24 years.

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